

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Eliza Symonds Bell, September 25, with transcript

Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Mrs. Alexander Melville Bell. Baddeck, Sunday, Sept. 25, (1887) My dear Mrs. Bell:

It was very nice to hear so soon from you after your last, but do letters really take so long to reach you? I see from your telegram yesterday that you must be back in Georgetown. I wonder whether for good or only on a visit and cook-hunting expedition. I wonder what you think of Alec's proposition. It was his own idea and I don't know whether it is a good one or not. Maggie is a nice pleasant woman who means to do her work well. She is a good cook as far as her skill goes, makes good bread and cooks beef and plain roasts well and is willing to learn, makes good pies too and irons and washes well. But I don't know why Alec should propose bringing her all the way to Washington for you except that she is a Highland provincial, Gaelic being her native tongue, Catholic her religion. We all like her very much and believe her perfectly honest and good-natured. But you certainly can find better cooks by the hundred in the United States, and I do not know if she will laundry body clothes well, she has only done part of the household linen.

Now for a bit of bad news. Alec has sprained his foot! The same foot he sprained years ago before our marriage and which has never since been as strong as the other. It took him months to recover the full use of it then and now he is twice as heavy and quite as restless and imprudent. My only hope and encouragement in the present 2 circumstances are that not now being in love and therefore anxious to appear in the best possible light in the eyes of his lady and the public in general, he is less sensitive to appearance and has procured himself a pair of crutches, a thing he would not do before. Fortunately, Dr. Marsh had not left at the time of his accident and bound up the foot in a plaster of Paris bandage and he would have been nearly well now if he had not insisted on taking it off too soon. He

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went off yesterday in his yacht, wind and rain notwithstanding having been driven wild by his enforced imprisonment of four days. I hear that his yacht has come safe and sound into harbor at town and that it is dry and comfortable, so Alec proposes to await the end of this storm there.

I suppose the equinoctials are on us now, there certainly is a storm and the rain has already found all the weak places in our habitation and is making the most of them. But it is warm and we have still a few dry corners, so not having anything to spoil we don't mind. Perrin and Maud, Elsie's pony, leave tomorrow for Halifax and thence to Baltimore and I suppose we shall be following very soon.

With love to you and Mr. Bell and my cousins.

Your affectionate daughter Mabel.